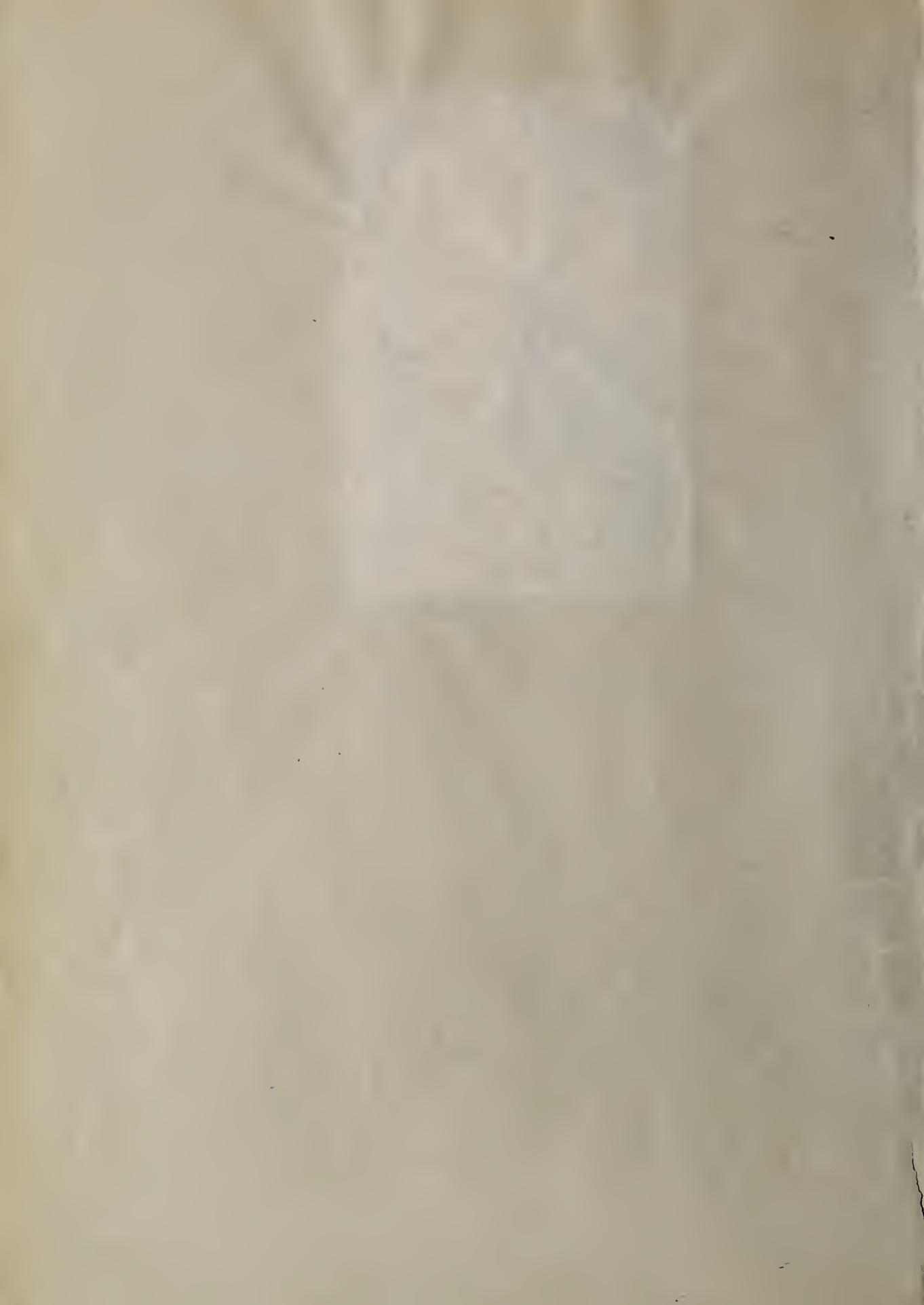


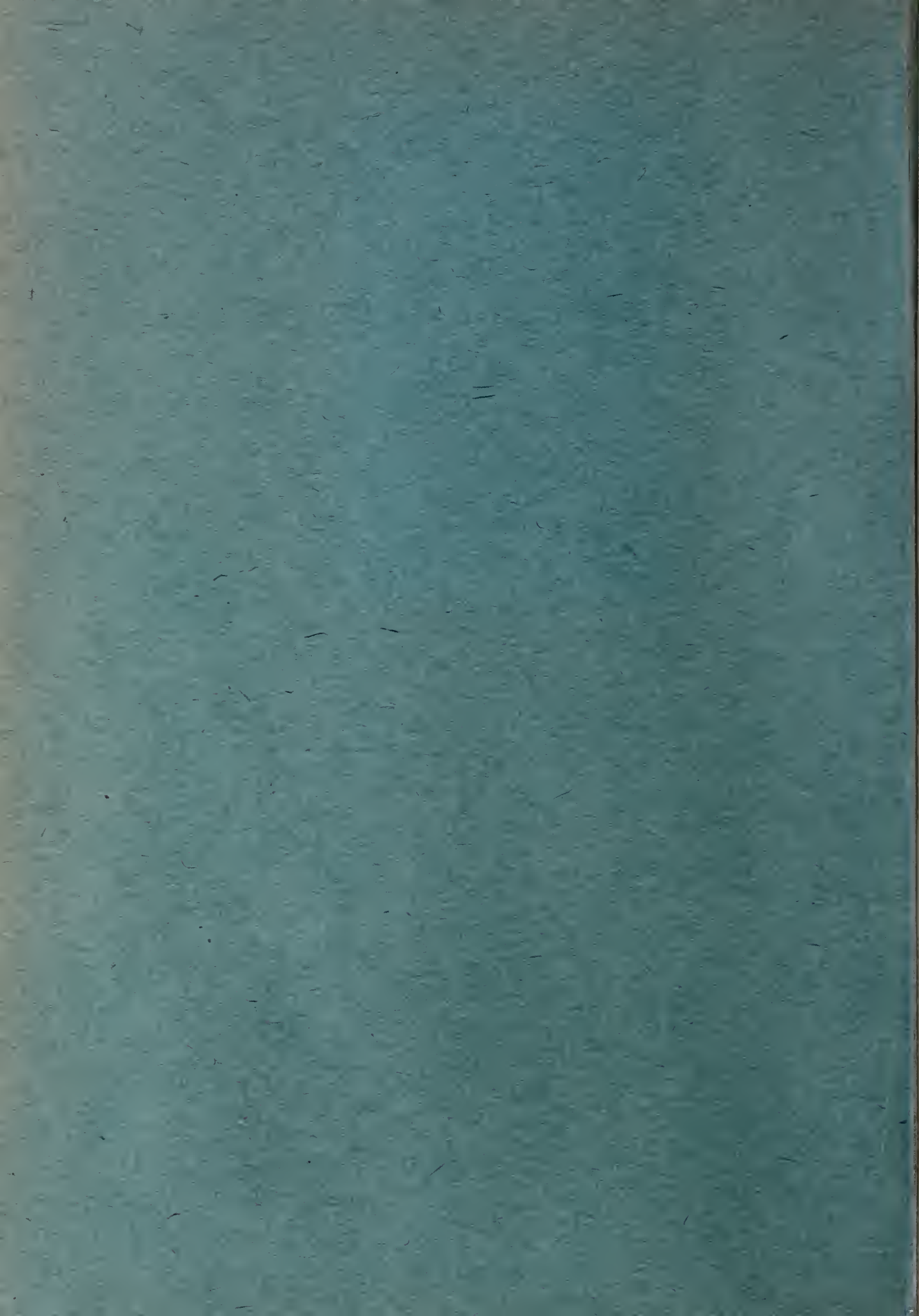


Dedication

To our class advisor, Professor Mann, who through his godly walk and efficient leadership has become an example and pattern for each member of our class, we dedicate this, our second edition of the Green Book.







"Man-who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquisht will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone".

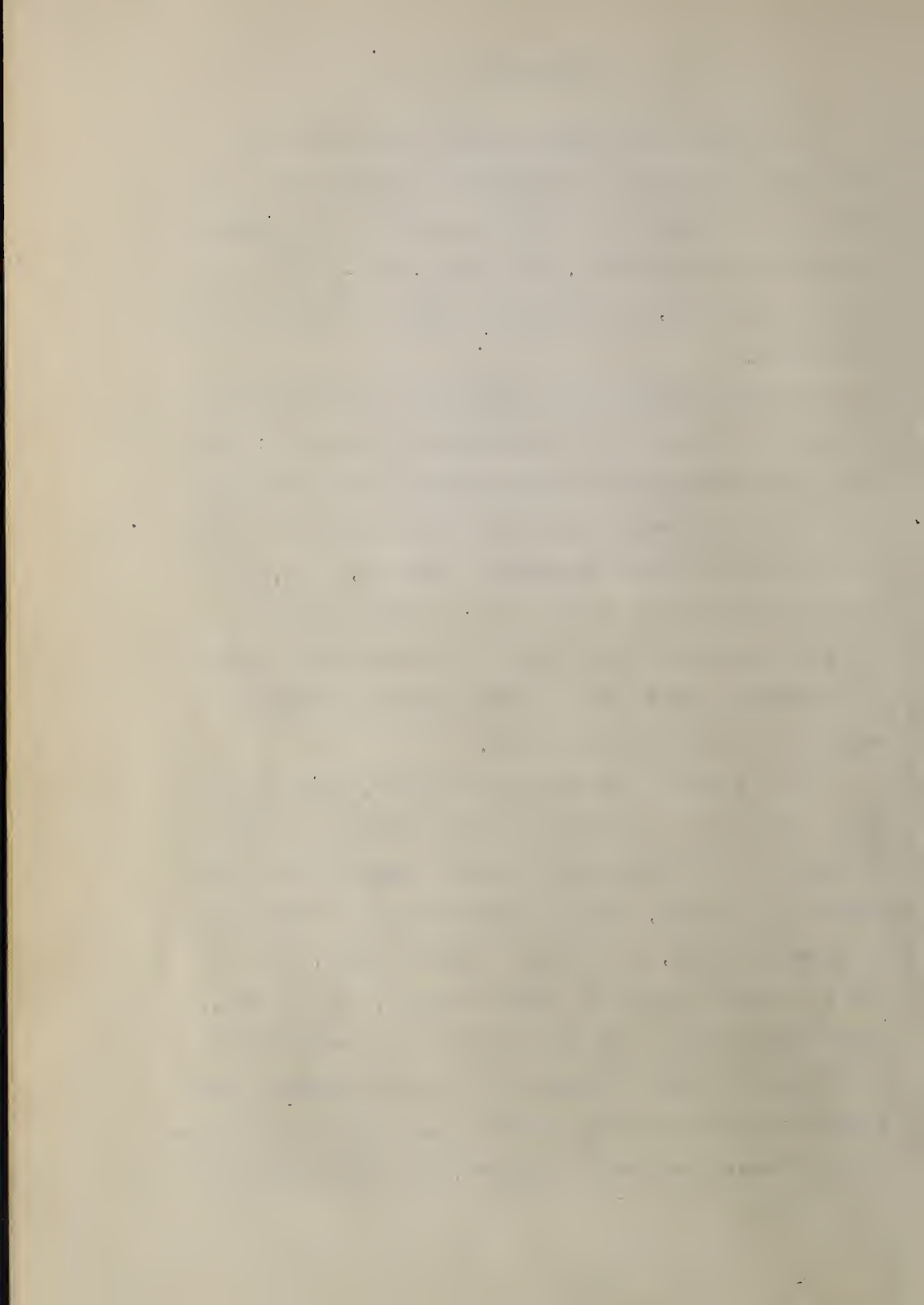


Leadership

In the past few months we have heard and seen much about men rising to positions of leadership. In the course of events our national leaders have changed, and we today are waiting, as it were, on tiptoe to see just how this man, our President, will be able to lead his people.

We have all heard the expression that "the young people of today will be the leaders of tomorrow"; but, have we as young people really stopped and considered what this change will mean? When the leaders of today lay down the reins of government, will we, then, be able to take hold of these reins and with strength and perseverance lead the "steeds of democracy" forward to a definite goal? These vital questions confront each one of us now as followers.

To be a leader one must be prepared. Have we prepared ourselves to the best of our ability? As students have we made the most of every opportunity? Perhaps some will say, "Well, I have completed eight years in grammar school, four years in high school, and I'm now in college trying to improve myself." To be sure, these opportunities are all a part of our preparation, and therefore must be considered, for our parents have sacrificed and are still sacrificing to give us an education of which they were deprived. The leaders of our



nation have spent much in the promotion of a free education, and teachers everywhere are putting their best into this work in order that we may be capable leaders in the tomorrows.

Above all, we, as followers now, and as leaders tomorrow, must have faith: faith in ourselves, our friends, our nation and leaders. But more important than all these, is a consideration upon which our success as leaders is based--we must have faith in God !

Customs and Traditions

We as free citizens of a democratic nation, fail to realize to what degree and in how many ways our lives are governed by traditions and customs.

In general, a custom is a practice or habit. We are so accustomed to doing a thing that a part of our lives would be missing if we failed to do it. Now why do we wash our faces every morning? This act is merely a custom, and we have become so enslaved to this custom that it has become one of our rules of personal hygiene.

There are several primary requisites for an establishment of a custom. A custom must have been used so long that the memory of man does not run

contrary to it. Then a custom must have been continued and enjoyed peaceably, so that it has become reasonable and certain and has not been left to the option of every man whether he will follow it or not. A custom must also be consistent with other customs. Those of equal importance must be treated equally. Furthermore, a custom must yield some benefit to existing society. Recently I read of an old Athenian custom which in one instance did not prove very beneficial. After a speaker had given his oration, instead of the people applauding, they showed their appreciation by throwing their garments on the orator. In this way, Draco, the ablest law-giver of his time, was unwittingly smothered to death by his admirers.

The more minute details of our every day life, our dress, our living conditions, our culture, and our recreation are so weighted down by the chains of habit, that if we endeavored to change them we would become mere heretics in the eyes of the world.



LITERARY



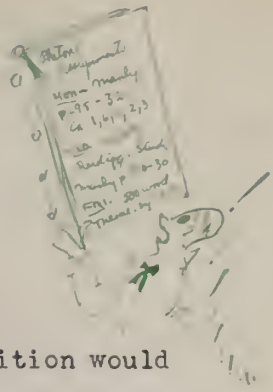
What Is Rhetoric?

"Rhetoric", says Webster, "is the art of expressive speech or discourse, especially the art of literary composition; skillful or artistic use of speech." To most college freshmen, this definition would seem vague and unsatisfactory. By the end of the first year, the freshman would perhaps give a much different definition from Webster's.

Rhetoric to a college freshman at E.N.C. means, first of all an eight o'clock class three mornings out of the week. It means that some must leave the comfort of their soft, warm beds at an earlier hour than customary. It even means the occasional entrance of such a one into the dining hall for breakfast.

Rhetoric means "Exercises" on Monday, "Weekly Reading" on Wednesday, and the much detested "theme" on Friday. The exercises seem to be endless in length, one sentence after another, the words all jumbled up, must be straightened out by the poor freshman. Since money is so scarce, the much abused "freshie" wonders why he must spend so much money on paper. No matter how much depression strikes everything else, it never seems to affect lessons. On Tuesday, there is a rustle of newspapers in the library caused by the most popular class in school in search of the usual editorial. Both poem and essay are chosen for their length.

But it is the Friday theme that everyone waits for the spirit to move him before he writes it. For what good does it do to try to write this without inspiration! Strange to say, the "inspiration" seldom comes. The result is that the paper is very often put off until the last fifteen or twenty minutes before the class period.





Is it any wonder there are so many "p's", "ref's", "sp's", etc. written on our papers!

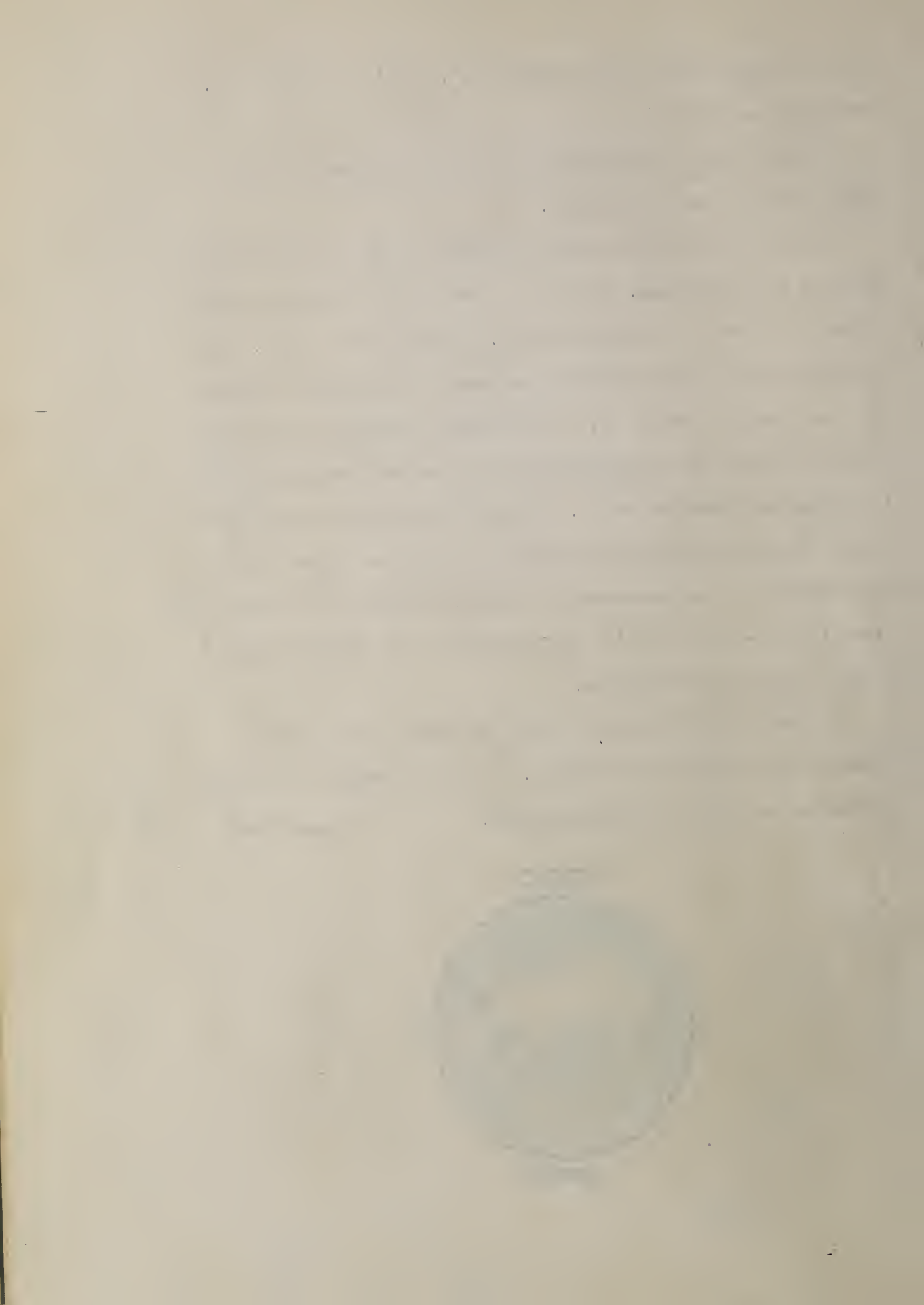
Beside regular assignments are the book reports and the fifteen hundred word term paper.

The most outstanding feature perhaps, of the College Rhetoric Class is the Green Book. This is the book that contains our first literary efforts as college students. We feel proud of it. It is placed in the library for the amusement of the upper classman who have nothing else to do. As we glance through the pages the day or two after it is completed and put out for everyone to see, it brings back memories to us. There is the weekly theme which caused us so much anxiety, the jokes put in at our expense and the pictures of the members of our class. We surely don't look very dignified yet-but then we're not supposed to be. Being dignified, thats the duty of the Seniors.

So then, College Rhetoric means far more to the ordinary Freshman than Webster's definition. It is the memory of joys and sorrows of our first literary attempts.

Doris Horst





My Radiator

Since I am from the South, where radiators are as scarce as tropical palms are in the north, my radiator is a source of constant amazement and consternation to me.



My radiator holds a prominent place in the room. The shining silver polish, obtained from the "five and ten" stands out above all else. The huge proud coils twist importantly around and around like a dog trying to catch his tail.

Yet, with all this pomp and predominance, my radiator is as mysterious to me as the internal anatomy of a snake. In the morning it terrifies me into the light of another day by eternal clanging, gurgling and sissing, yet it lulls me to sleep with soothing warmth.

On warm days my steam heater sends off hot repulsive rays, reminding me of a fat, complacent old man; but on cold days, as I ardently woo my radiator, the iron pipes give me the cold shoulder.

Never have I been able to control my radiator. If I turn it down, it shuts off completely, and if I open the valve the radiator blisters me. The various noises are a source of night-mare to me. Never can I remember that there is a radiator in the room; and so, when I hear the sound like a drowning man, or the noise of an approaching train, I tremble until I remember that it's "only the radiator!"

Some day I will find a person who understands radiators, then I shall ask him several perplexing questions concerning radiators that have

arisen in my mind; but until then I must suffer along, amazed terrified, and sometimes amused at the antics of "my radiator"!

Howard Fields

The door of my office opened and as I raised my eyes from the work on my desk, my glance rested on the necktie of the man who was entering the room. It was a bow of silk, not one of these ready-made, elastic contraptions which are displayed on cards in shop windows, but a bow meticulously tied by hand. It was the color of the silk which held my attention the longest. If it had been black, or even white, I would not have been particularly interested, but the gray bow had both a touch of independence and an atmosphere of dignity about it. I rose to my feet and, clearing my throat, sought a remark suitable to the occasion. Gray bow neckties are not common in Eagle Bridge.

Donald Tillotson

The Man-made Hack

A rickety old car came clattering down the dusty road. Ford by sound, Chevrolet according to chassis, with added appendages from various cars ranging from Whippets to Packards. One fender hung loose, and the windshield rattled like so many ghosts dragging heavy chains with them. The tires were mere uncooked doughnuts. Yet this ancient but original vehicle chugged along as good Fords do, and when it passed me, raising a cloud of dust and entirely too much noise, I glanced at the driver, and, as I expected, there he sat with a certain tenderness for the "old stand-by"; he was smiling, and chugging along.

From a Freshman's Notebook



What meaneth the unusual marks of distinction among some of our college students? Are they marks of separation, or symbols of honor? There is nothing particularly clever in wearing a green ribbon or a black crepe; but although I never cared much for either color, each one claims a peculiar significance.

I am only a Freshie". I have to wear that sickening color of green. However, I would rather wear that than present a gloomy black. No doubt these colors are very fitting as symbols, for when I peer back into the recesses of tradition, I learn valuable information about them.

"Green is one of the most common colors; the grass and nearly all the foliage is green". We speak of the "green sea water". Green is the national color of Ireland, and in the past it was a mark of distinction by Scotch Highlanders. Well, since the Seniors, or some dignified group, have asked us to wear green, let us strive to be as energetic as the Irish and above all as thrifty as the Scotch.

Black is commonly referred to as the darkest of all colors. "All objects absorb some color and reflect some, but black objects reflect the smallest proportion." (Black is the emblem of sorrow and mourning.)

Traditionally green is the color of repentance. Well-- we young "Freshies" must live up to the honor, the true manhood, and the progress must realize our faults and errors, be sorry for them and then turn away from them for ever.

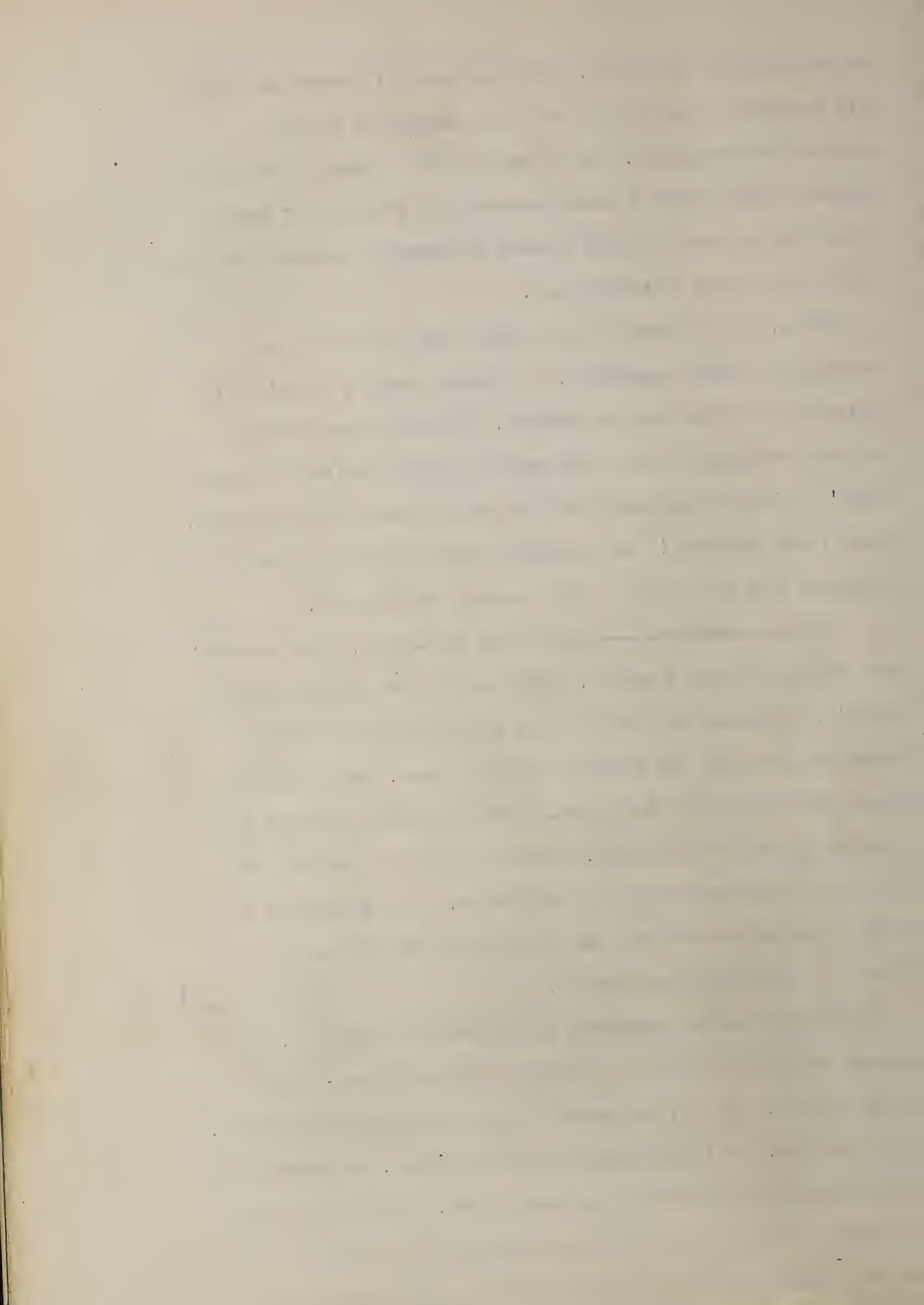
Of course Freshmen realized their weaknesses and also the

many ways wherein they lack. Now repentance will carry us beyond this confession, even into a practical experience of proper adaption to environment. So let us show that group of honorables (whoever they are that bestowed upon us the privilege of wearing green) that we are more than pleased to possess a constant reminder of our obligations to God and man.

Green, as I intended to say before now, is the sign of flourishing, unripe vegetation. It points toward a maturity; it presents the indications of progress. Would that each Freshman were developing a life that pointed toward the ideal christian adult! O that we cherished continual development of the physical, mental, and spiritual! Let us labor under the light of true knowledge that we may enjoy life, warmth, and strength.

Black-----black-----just plain coal-black. Poor Seniors! They need our hearty sympathy. Their color fits them and yet it doesn't. It means that they are sad to enter the cold wide world so soon; they are cumbered by many a care. May they not simply absorb as other colors do, and then refuse to reflect the penetrating rays of knowledge. Would that they do not take away Freshman freedom and refuse to lead him on. I am beseeching our Senior dignitaries that they do not live out the meaning of black as regards this one respect.

The Senior color represents seriousness and composure. Of course, no Senior torments the younger children or mimics their peculiarities. Oh, no, the upperclassman faces the facts of life. He is serious. He is forgiving and condescending. A certain responsibility of parenthood has come to him. Just as he expects alertness and thrift, repentance and progressive maturity in us, so do we exact from him a straight trail, a noble example, and



practical learning. The standard given us is indeed rather lofty. However, we pledge our selves ot be ready thinkers, close followers, of those who are not green. We trust that our initial experiences, balanced by the fruit of their noble experiment, will promote a social life that is conducive to desirable progress.

Wet Paint

Does a sign bearing the words, "Wet Paint", mean anything to you? Ninety-nine out of a hundred would react almost instantly. You might be that one-hundredth person, but it is doubtful that you are. You would probably be the first to react. What are these reactions? Must you be told? I'm sure it isn't necessary, for certainly you have experienced that sense of curiosity yourself. Our fingers respond readily at the sight of a "Wet Paint" sign to test the truth of the words. Curiosity is what they call this peculiar instinct. It is practically the first instinct noticeable in a child and remains till death.

Curiosity may have caused you to get paint on your finger, or to burn your hand, but we must acknowledge that the satisfying of that desire has many advantages. Where would civilization be today if someone hadn't tried things he wasn't supposed to. Columbus shouldn't have crossed the ocean. Everyone told him that. Yet, he wouldn't believe their warnings until he found out for himself. You know the story. Surely that is one incident in favor of that peculiar instinct.

It must be admitted that great harms have come because people couldn't mind their own business. No doubt many nations have been destroyed because some person was anxious to do something he shouldn't do. Men have lost their own lives as well as the lives of others because they yielded to that bewitching desire to do the forbidden.

Love is the only rival to be compared with curiosity,

Love has accomplished things that seemed impossible, but one never heard of an unknown young man inventing the steam engine, the gasoline driven car, or the elements of electricity because of the powers of love. It was curiosity to a great extent that was responsible for these great gifts to mankind. Science is built on curiosity. Without curiosity science would be almost unknown. In fact, science progresses in proportion to the amount of curiosity possessed by the scientist.

People condemn their neighbor for being curious. Often a child is scolded for expressing curiosity. I say, it isn't fair. It isn't fair to our civilization. Why can't we put our finger into the wet paint? Isn't it this same instinct that has opened science, history, and indeed, a new World to us? Let us tolerate more of this golden virtue. Let us encourage, not discourage, any trait of curiosity. Wouldn't our civilization and each of us individually benefit?

The Youngest Member of the Family

Whether it is a virtue or not to be the youngest child of a family is a hard matter to decide. In some families being the youngest member is a great handicap. It is often a tough situation for a child to begin life under such conditions. The older brother and sister who are supposed to be his playfellows, care little for him, or at least pretend that they do not. The older children sometimes look upon their baby brother as an unwanted article. They cannot realize how fate could be so unkind as to add another member to the family, when it was already hard enough to keep big sister in new evening gowns, and permanent waves. Even big brother had a hard time in trying to keep up to the styles in neckties, and dad could hardly keep gasoline in the family car. What are they to do now, since baby has arrived.



The baby of such a family is in a "tough" spot. He is usually shunned by his older sister; and big brother would never think of taking him out in the perambulator. No, brother's best girl might happen along and see him, and might laugh if she saw a big strong man wasting his time pushing a baby carriage. He could do bigger and more noble things, like strumming a lazy love tune on his ukelele, or sitting alone with his girl in a cozy nook, and telling her what a big strong fellow he was. He would even climb the highest mountain and bring down the moon for her. He would do all of that to please his lady-fair, but take baby brother out for a sunning?

Never. That job was for girls and children and not for men who could earn a varsity letter during their last year in high school.

In other families the youngest child is the most liked and most pampered member. He is not an unwelcome guest, but is considered as the king of the house. Every time that he cries, all hands are ready to give him anything that he wants.

His older brothers and sisters are proud of him. Sister goes to school, and with much pride in her speech tells of the cute little pranks that little brother does. He is learning to walk, and everyone in the family is anxious to see who will find his first tooth.

Brother is proud of his young protege. He declares that someday his little brother is going to grow up to take the place of Babe Ruth or Jack Dempsey. Boastfully he tells how the little fellow can throw his tin plate across the kitchen, and lift the family housecat off the floor.

Mother is proud of the youngster, too, and insists that he is the image of his father, while father insists that baby's eyes are exactly like mother's.

That is the way it goes. One child is pampered and the other is considered as excess baggage. As time goes on, however, both types become equally appreciated by their respective families. The one that was unwanted becomes as well loved as the one that was pampered.

John Andree

Disraeli, A Picture of the Victorian Age; by Andre

Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles.

Disraeli was an author; Disraeli was a prime minister; in time he became an earl; but in every capacity there was an egotism, a plan, a temperament which at once bound all the phases of his life into a whole, and, at the same time, rendered that character different from the other great leaders of the Victorian England.

It seemed characteristic of Benjamin Disraeli that he should fail in everything on first attempt. His first business enterprise, a newspaper, was a failure. His first book, Vivian Grey, was well written and well received by the public until it was discovered that the writer was not a member of "society", and then the world expressed horror at the presumption of the young author. Disraeli's first speech in Parliament was ridiculous.

Although Disraeli never entered into a second private enterprise, he successfully maneuvered the transaction by which Great Britain obtained the Suez Canal rights. Similarly, his careers as a statesman and an author were both crowned with success. Although he was impatient and hasty, there seemed to be an internal impelling force which provided the momentum to carry the young man over his first failures.

As I read Maurois's biography of Disraeli, I expected to find much of political interest in the later chapters. There, indeed, was political material, but the most interesting feature of the life of Disraeli, the statesman, was his relations to Queen Victoria. In this book the queen is represented as very determined in her choice of advisers, and held Lord Beaconsfield in the highest esteem. To him she

granted the privilege of addressing he in the second person. Always she placed full confidence in his guiding, especially as it usually coincided with her plans.

The most difficult task which Disraeli faced as head of the government was the Russo-Turkish war. Against popular opinion he upheld the Turks. In these proceedings he received the attacks of Gladstone and the country at large. But when the Congress of Berlin was finished and it was learned that Disraeli had secured Cyprus for England, the people praised him to the skies. Even the foreign press commented on his boldness.

"'The traditions of England' wrote the Journal des Debats are not altogether dead; they survive in the hearts of a woman and an aged statesman.'"

A fine characterization of the life of Lord Beaconsfield is found in this biography, in fact in the last paragraph of the book.

"Disraeli was far from being a saint. But perhaps as some old Spirit of Spring, ever vanquished and ever alive, and as a symbol of what can be accomplished in an old and hostile universe, by a long youthfulness of heart."

Donald Tillotson

Between Semesters



"Hooray! Exams are over. How about raising the roof to-night or else doing something vicious?"

"Aw, I've got too much work to get in before Saturday morning so I suppose I'll have to keep on studying. I don't understand why teachers pile so much on us, anyway. You can't have any fun with lessons haning over you."

"What do you care? Come on let's go down town and celebrate by treating ourselves to a delicious dinner. You've taken your exams, let the rest of the work go. It won't hurt you any, only cut your grade a bit, but what's that to a good time?"

At last she is persuaded after doing a bit of her work to go with the crowd. And what a time! Did the waiters look at us? We hope they didn't see us pouring our water in our coffee, tucking napkins at our necks, and putting salt and pepper in our preserves. But the excess energy and steam which had been shut up so long just had to find its way out somehow.

After our delicious sup er we walked up and down the streets whistling and singing like a group of insane persons. We were nearly insane, though, from being so overjoyed to think that exams were through.

After our episodes and explosions out in the open air we came in and listened to a most interesting program on the radio. What a relief to think we could listen to it without the feeling of studying to be done. Never before did the music sound so beautiful and harmonize so well as it

did this night.

Perhaps the most pleasing relaxation of the vacation came when we climbed into our beds at night. We stretched ourselves luxuriously beneath the clean white sheeta and warm blankets and felt the pillows rising like two big wings on either side of our heads; and we happily wiggled our toes against the scratchy cleanliness that enveloped us. As we looked up through the intimate darkness to a darker ceiling we were conscious of the heretofore unpracticed - yes, unconscious act of resting. Then our minds wandered back to the previous weeks of two o'clock risings in a whirl of unfinished rhetoric themes, math problems and botany write ups, continually popping up like many imps before the others, waiting the drowsy and unguided hand of an irresponsible student. And then in comparison rose the long restful night that was before us when we were actually going to sleep and not wake up for eight o'clock classes. Half numbly we assured ourselves that we would even sleep until twelve o'clock.

A long restful blankness streched ahead, and books were laid aside until Tuesday, and in the meantime we were going to rest and sleep. Lying in a half conscious state, thinking of our unmolested rest, our eyes suddenly opened wide, and sleep had flown - somewhere. It certainly was evident that it would not visit us for sometime. We reached for the clock and turned ti towards us. The hands were pointing to 5:45.

Gwendolyn Mann

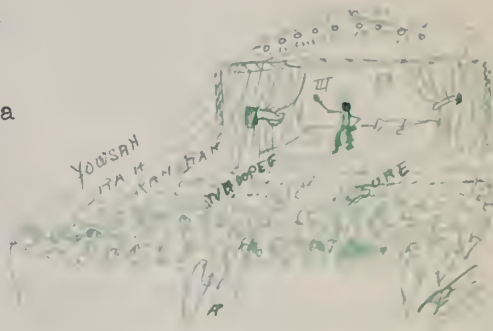
How to Insure a Successful Program

The dictionary speaks of the word program as a prearranged plan or course of procedure. Here at E.N.C. a program seems to be the effort put forth in the chapel on Friday evenings to entertain the dejected "unclaimed blessings" and the elated couples. However, a program is a complicated affair which requires a great deal of planning, worry, and patience if it is to achieve its purpose.

The constituency of the program committee is the first factor to be considered. There should be a group of four or five carefully chosen persons who have outstanding and contrasting characteristics as well as a fine sense of cooperation. The chairman must be level-headed and stern. Among the other members there should be those who posses the ability to present original ideas; another who has a good sense of humor; another dignity and scholastic zeal; another, musical ability; and last but not least, one who understands stage decorating perfectly.

This committee must meet before the date set for the program. Every member should be fired with zeal and eagerness to attend each meeting. Perfect harmony is necessary and each member ought to contrubute a definite part in planning the program.

After a plan has been decided upon, the next consideration is the performers. Those who are going to entertain must have outstanding ability to carry out the part which is expected of them. However, ability alone is not sufficient. There should be perfect cooperation, an unmovable determination to be at every rehearsal, and a profound respect for the program committee and those in charge.



The trouble of inducing a large enough audience to be to be present so that the tireless preparation of all concerned and the desire of the participants to please may be rewarded, is a problem. Now is the time to consider advertising. Secure a group of zealous young artists who are ready to serve and set them to the task of designing and making posters. Choose those workers who have skill in presenting original thoughts in a mystifying and interesting manner. A feeling must be created that the program is something special which everyone will be disappointed not to attend.

The next problem is how to take care of the people when they come. Untiring ushers with a desire to make every body comfortable and happy should be within easy reach of the needy listeners. If the evening is at all chilly, the little, thinly clad lady by the window must be protected from any draft. At the same time the temperature should be kept cool enough for the stout, red faced gentleman in the center of the hall. No disturbing noises should be allowed.

The performers understand, of course, that their duty is to keep the people entertained and interested. Mistakes and mishaps should not occur. Each part must be presented in a finished manner so that the audience may leave with the impression that the program is the finest they have ever witnessed.

Anyone who succeeds in meeting all these requirements and in carrying out all these suggestions which I have briefly stated, is a genius and wizard. I should give gladly my heartest congratulations to such a one.

Olive Bynon

The Chaos of a Freshman's Mind

Someone has said "there is nothing great in the world but man; there is nothing great in the man but the mind." In other words the mind of any man is a wonderful thing, but how much more wonderful is the mind of a college freshman. He must go through without a murmur the multiplicity of problems and difficulties encountered because of a sudden change of environment. At the beginning of the year he must overcome the pangs of homesickness, adapt himself to new methods of studying, and acquaint himself with his new found friends in college life.

Picture if you can, and you never can unless you have had the experience yourself, such a young man, recently graduated from high school and accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of home, coming to live in the dormitory, to eat in the dining hall and in short to enter upon a field that is entirely new to him. Watch him as he goes with a fainting heart to register for his first semester's work. As the supervisor of registration informs him that he must take English Composition--note that the professor in charge never says college rhetoric to a new student--his mind goes back over his preparatory career until he lives over in a few seconds the long and weary hours he has spent in trying to write English Compositions. He recalls the results which were nothing short of ghastly. The anguish of his mind has begun in earnest when he learns he must take a course in orientation, for does not the very name suggest something dreadful? Among other things he also registers for world history.



We shall pass over, but shall we ever forget, most of the experiences of the first semester to the christmas vacation? Every Friday evening at five minutes of six when the freshmen lays his weekly rhetoric theme in the professor's desk, he looks back with a feeling of deep melancholy to the times when he handed them in on time. Yes, he can still remember two different occasions when he had accomplished this wonderful achievement.

As the Christmas vacation draws near, he begins to feel his neglected studying pile up behind, before, and all around him. If one should ask, about this time, how much studying he has to do, he may answer with another question something like the following: how many pounds of salt does the sea contain? He can see in the chaos of his memory the assignments of jumbled up sentences in rhetoric, undone and somewhat like the condition of his mind; outside reading reports in world history, past, even as the ages of ancient history are past, but not forgotten; and the many passages of French translation too hastily skimmed over or neglected altogether. Above all the rest tower the sombre clouds of term papers and book reports of which the professors are constantly reminding him in their usual obliging and kindly way.

The month of January is truly a dreadful month to the ordinary college freshman. He stays up until two o'clock in the morning, rises at five, and misses breakfast in a desperate attempt to finish his history term paper. The night his rhetoric term paper is due, he works hard all afternoon, cuts out supper and about three hundred words, and hands his work in on time.

With a long series of frantic efforts he makes the final dash through the homestretch of the semester. He passes through the examination period in great anxiety, and heaves a mighty sigh of relief as he writes the last word on his final book report, for which he has secured an extension of time. He has just closed what may be considered the stormiest period of his life.

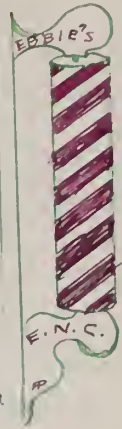
Of such a chaotic nature is the condition of the freshman's mind. To hear some people talk one would think that a college freshman is enjoying the most blissful conditions of life. After all, his experiences are something to look back upon.

Beverly Gordon



That Masculine Short Coming

There is one momentous question which has always perplexed me. I believe that it is a source of wonder to all fastidious ladies; to most men--a matter of small importance. How any man can over look this most important of all masculine customs is a mystery to me. People who are well dressed never omit this conventionallity. Advertisements never exhibit pictures of men unless they are perfect in this respect. "What the well-dressed man will wear this fall", and "The Arrow Collar Man" take almost super-human care in this matter. Even the garage-man, immaculate and ready for work in new blue overalls, according to the back cover of the Collier's Magazine or the subway train "ad" cards, never offends in this respect. The only people to whom leniency is extended are artists wearing flowing black ties or great poets walking around with staring, haunted eyes. Indeed, had they not been different in this regard from ordinary men, they would once have been considered erratic or not true artists. This peculiarity naturally used to go with artists and poets, and, judging by the number of famous men who reconciled the people to this oddity, it must have been a great help to them in their work. But the modern artists, even, have been convinced of their lack of picturesqueness or of the fact that it has been on their part merely stubbornness which has caused them to adhere to the old tradition and they too, have tried, with more or less success, to mend, their fault; therefore modern artists and poets are almost outcasts if they forget about this nicety.



But I must not forget to tell you what this all-important feature of the man who would retain his popularity with the opposite sex and his record as "the man" on the campus is. This thing which makes so much difference is keeping his hair cut. So many men are guilty of negligence in this respect. It can't be that they think it looks respectable to wander the streets with their hair shaggy and tousled. For business men I cannot explain this discrepancy. For E.N.C. fellows it seems to me they must have a grudge against "Ebbie".

A friend of mine who, unfortunately, is one of the worst offenders in keeping his hair cut, was told, one morning, that he looked ill. During the noon hour, although it gurt his pride he allowed a long-suffering barber to deprive him of several weeks accumulation of hair. With his coat collar pulled high around his neck and his hat as far down as possible over his shorn head, he made his way to the radio station where the man whom he was to accompany remarked, "My, you're looking well." My friend laughed when he related this incident, but he himself admitted that he looks almost ill when he is in need of a hair cut.


Of course the lack of a haircut does not make every man look equally bad, but no one, if he knew what went on in the minds of the people who saw him, would feel even the slightest bit self-satisfied. He would become embarrassed, and his self-possession and much sought for poise would flee instantly, leaving him forlorn and uncertain.

Yes, indeed, very few people, even E.N.C. professors, can "get away" with letting their hair grow. The only ones who can

disregard public opinion are the rich men who can afford to do as they please. And, thank goodness, they usually please to keep their hair-cut. All others should be socially ostracized. And if there is anyone so poor that he cannot keep his hair cut, I would gladly lend him a bowl, a pair of scissors, and a friend to act as barber.

The W.T.C.U. Had a Banquet

The W.C.T.U. had a banquet. That is what started it all. A meeting of the girls was called, and they were informed that on the following evening, rooms would be open for inspection of the ladies. Just one day to clean the rooms Huh, the dean might have told the students sooner. But maybe she had thought that out, too.



On Tuesday morning as soon as classes were over, cleaning began. Waste baskets were emptied, re-filled, and emptied again as our enormous accumulation of old papers and dirt was found under beds, in closets, behind doors, and on window-sills. Spreads were smoothed of wrinkles curtains were hung straight, the bureau scarfs that they had intended to wash for so long, were actually done up fresh. Brooms were in evidence everywhere. Mops shaken out the window gave the appearance of a snow-storm in the air. Books, for the first time this year, were placed in neat rows in the book cases, or under tables. The rooms were, in fact, made clean as new. The monitors groaned. In addition to giving a semblance of cleanliness to their own rooms, the corridors had to be scrubbed, the walls washed down, the corners freed from dust, and the ceilings relieved of beautiful "pet" cobwebs. All this for the W.T.C.U! It looked as though the Dean was playing a trick in order to secure a clean dormitory.

Then an early supper was planned. Tired people became hilarious and forgot their troubles in giggling at old and mediocre jokes.

At six o'clock a final pat was given to the bed cover, the radio was turned on to soothing music, and with a sigh of regret at leaving the now unrecognizable rooms, they hurried off before the guests should arrive to hem at this room and to haw at that one. Ten chosen couples, the men in white flannels and blue coats, and the ladies in black dresses and white aprons, made their way to the kitchen to wait on tables. Several gracious girls took their places to direct hordes of ladies to the checking rooms. The rest "scrammed" to the library to suffer over rhetoric papers and to endure Spanish verbs. But who could study! A glance at this and an attempt at that and everyone closed books in search of more exciting adventures than the tale of Hannibal's crossing the mountains in those almost untranslatable, green Latin books.

At last the banquet was over. A girl going in search of something to eat encountered a professor who had the same idea, but who needed support. Together they made their way to the dining-hall where, under the very eyes of the President of E.N.C., the business manager, and the elite of the W.T.C.U., they boldly stripped the tables of chocolate cake, white cake, celery, and nuts. Back to the rooms they went and divided their loot, leaving the poor waiters and waitresses to wash the dishes and tear down decorations.

Anyway, a good time was had by all, and the monotony of the week was broken. Much hard work, but certainly a great deal of fun. And all because of the W.T.C.U.

Edith Peavey

How I Write Letters

Letter writing to me is an exasperating business. How often have I declared that I would never again attempt to write another letter, but go by the old saying, "No news is good news". The procedure of letter writing is painful. With my head crammed full of rhetoric, history, and philosophy for the following day, I laboriously take a piece of paper, settle down comfortably, and try to compose an interesting letter.

I look at the sheet of paper - blank; also my head, that is, my thinking powers will not function. After floundering around for a seemingly endless time, I at last write the salutation, and begin the letter with a thread-bare and trite expression - such as we have been warned against using by our Professor - but, when one has nothing "unique" to say, of course, one has to say something.

The favorite subject is the weather. Not one letter that leaves my hand omits that delightful and interesting subject. If the weather has been pleasant, I generally feel that way; and if otherwise, then I feel otherwise, too.

After this subject has been exhausted, I begin telling of my school-work, - the long assignments, the tests, the term papers, and the odious themes. Having told all this - which fills about a page - I, at last, resort to "my friend", my stand-by

E. N. C.
Wharton Mass.
March 15/93
Dear Mom.
Received letter 14
today. No news from you all.
Feel fine today.
Hope you are.
Have a good day.
Had a great feel but
it. Just the
dearest.
Love
E. N. C.

and ready prompter - my diary.

I carefully scan the pages looking for that interesting bit of news. Ah, here it is - the "unattachables", - at great length I explain the purpose, effect, and outcome of this group. Then comes our "green ribbons", the Freshmen as basket-ball champions; soon I find that, in some way, I have filled several pages.

My letter, in fact, is either a replica of my diary, or a calendar of E.N.C. events. Signing "with much love", I hurriedly sign my name, seal and address the envelope, and feel that my duty is performed.

Grace Barnett

In a very even and slow manner the little Sophomore girl crosses the lawn. She seems to glide more than to walk. She is not wearing high heels as most of the girls do nor is she watching a group of fellows nearby. She is dressed very neatly in soft colored clothing and her hair is neatly curled. We speak to her as she passes and she speaks to us in a soft voice, while a very pretty smile covers her face. Soon she disappears into the dormitory. Attractive - isn't she?

James Johnston

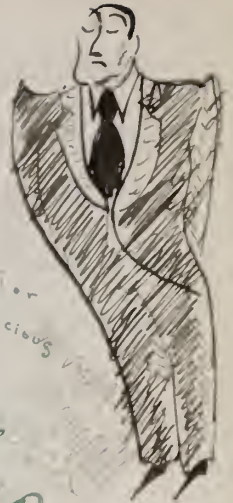


Green Ribbons and Black Ties

The upperclassmen called a special meeting "at seven o'clock, in Professor Harris' classroom". Several times the announcement was made, but we freshmen paid little or no attention. The next day, however, an important freshman class gathering was called after dinner to meet "in that corner of the dining hall". Still we gathered unconcernedly, unmindful of the workings of Fate, - and the upperclassmen.



Senior
Conscious



Finally the matter was brought before us. By decree of our elders we were each to wear a piece of green ribbon to signify our status. This sign was to be worn throughout the rest of the year. There were some murmurs, but the majority of us were too astonished to object. Times had been rather dull and uninteresting, a fact which made the new suggestion (or rather mandate) all the more surprising.

And now the new order of things has been established. We freshmen dash to breakfast, and stroll to chapel, and recite rhetoric and world history, and read the newspapers in the library with green ribbons marking us as of allegedly inferior rank. To date, however, there is no reason to believe that the situation has produced any severe cases of inferiority complex. In fact, our badges have caused us a measure of pride, if anything. We admit that the color of the ribbons is not especially beautiful, but we consider the sophomores and juniors, who have nothing to distinguish them from each other or even from the academy students.

For the seniors have decided that they, too, must be set off from the

common classes by special matters of dress. By official action, the upperclassmen have adopted stiff collars and black ties to denote the rank of the senior men and black ribbons to express the dignified station of the senior women. There are rumors that Picadilly collars were considered as standard dress for the men, but it appears that his high ideal was defeated by lack of vision on the part of the majority.

Thus, we freshmen have a feeling of pity for the seniors. Our sense of beauty is saddened by the thought that all those bright ties which we have seen the various senior men wearing must now remain on the tie-racks. We wonder if the kind-hearted upperclassmen will lend them to us freshmen on Friday nights.

Moreover, we think of the long, warm spring days which are before us and try to imagine the torture the senior men will experience with their necks enclosed in casings of starched linen. With special solicitude we consider the mental image of an upperclassman undergoing that ordeal known as a comprehensive examination. Need we describe the scene any further? Such a picture could produce any feeling but pity only in the hearts of laundry managers and collar manufacturers. What a shame that the seniors are not sufficiently dignified to need no distinguishing mark! Alas, they have certainly received the worst end of the deal.

But such is life. Men in all ages have imposed regulations to show their authority and superiority which have caused themselves expense and discomfort. Thus, the new order at E.N.C. is in the natural course of human action and, while the seniors may, in a sense, be considered responsible, yet we freshmen offer them our respectful pity. The mad desire for distinction may seize us three years hence. Who knows?

Donald Tillotson

Our Family Album

As I slowly and carefully turned the worn, yellow pages of our family album, I was taken back into olden days. The quaint ^{greenish} dagarratypes were interestin to study on such a rainy, dreary, Saturday afternoon as that was.



On the first yellow page was the picture of a stern old lady with wrinkled face, deep-set eyes, and a cold, icy stare. Her whole appearance made me shiver, and I decided that I would not have liked her. She must be Aunt Lucinda about whom I had heard so much. She had never married but had lived alone in her large, richly-furnished house. She has saved all her life and has not enjoyed herself very much.

But the next page revealed a different person. Her kind look, twinkling eyes, and cheerful smile won me immediatly. She must be grandmother Moody whom everyone liked. And, yes, on the other side was grandfather Moody, a tall large man. He had a commanding and yet kind air. I imagined that I could hear his deep, mellow voice as he told the children stories of his childhood. Now he was telling of the farm, now of the city, then of school and lastly of the war.

On the following page was a picture of a middle-aged man. He had kind eyes, a determined mouth, and a broad chin. He must be Judson who was a judge in New York during Lincoln's time. His stovepipe hat and other clothes showed that. And a good judge he was. He was fair and just, and that's saying something. Opposite this picture was one of a little boy sitting

on a horse. This picture of Judson was taken before the old homestead.

I then turned to the picture of a pretty young girl. Her long brown curles and brown eyes made her very attractive. She was on a gate covered with vines and was smiling sweetly. I thought and thought about whom that could be and couldn't decide. I took the album and asked mother. She smiled and said that it was Aunt Lucinda. I was surprised. I went back to the first page and compared the two. It couldn't be true, but mother said it was.

I turned to a page in about the middle of the book and there were some funny snapshots of mother and dad. There was a picture of mother when she was ten years old. Her braided hair was tied with ribbons. Her gingham dress was stiff with starch and she looked just as stiff. She told me later that they had to promise her a dime before she'd let them take the picture. Then mother was a young woman. Her long dresses with high waists and necks and long puffy sleeves were funny sights. Dad didn't look any better. He was tall and lank and wore a rather small suit. I had to laugh for dad is stout now and is very particular about clothes.

I was sorry when the last page was turned and thought about all the good times my ancestors must have had. I was surprised to find that I had spent all afternoon looking at and dreaming about these pictures in our family album.

Mary Morse

Necessity is the Mother
of Invention



I stopped short as I heard a faint clatter on the pavement beneath my feet. With a deep sigh I looked at the ground, counted to ten, picked up the fallen button, and looked around hopelessly for some means of attaching this necessary article on my shoe. After some seconds of deliberation, Grace grabbed off her hat, pulled out a hair-pin, handed it to me with an exasperated gesture, and presto! the button was once more securely fastened, a fact which I was keenly aware of because of a sharp end which kept pricking.

Another experience also proves that necessity is the mother of invention. When I was about ten years old, mother sent me to the store to buy some frankforts. I hopped onto "Leapen' Lena", the old family bicycle, and went to fulfil her order. On the way home the bag broke, and one by one out fell the frankforts, all strung together. Now I was in a predicament! We must have those "hot dogs"; so with a deft hand I twisted them over and over the handle-bars of the "bike" and shame-facedly peddled up the street, clutching tightly the ends of the string of frankforts to keep it from unwinding. Needless to say we had microscopic portions of cold lamb for luncheon.

As I sat down here, various proverbs went through my head: A stitch in time saves nine - but, of course, I always use pins; To err is human; to forgive, divine - but I never make errors; Necessity is the mother of invention - it is, indeed, and this essay is a true example of the proverb.



SPORTS

Editorial

Many colleges have sought and are seeking to provide competitive sports for all who desire to take part. Usually the program has not been very successful. School traditions emphasize the varsity teams to the discouragement of the poorer athletes among the students. But here at E. N. C. we have no traditional rivals, no background of semi-professional sports. Here, then, if anywhere a policy of Athletics For All should succeed. And such a program has been adopted. The division of the boys into teams according to membership in the literary societies provides a place in spring athletics for every fellow who wants one. Moreover, the decision of the young men to put the Athletic Field into shape themselves is an effective force against any tendency towards professionalism that might arise. E. N. C. has before it this semester the possibilities of a sports program that is almost ideal. With the cooperation of all of us these possibilities can be realized. But every fellow must enter the project to give it complete success. If he has had training in high school or elsewhere, so much the better; he can give advice to the other members of his team. If he knows not the least thing about the sport he wishes to enter, he can go in determined to learn.

At any rate each fellow should get into the swim at some point. The aim is not to develop professional athletes nor to set records (although we should certainly be proud if any records were set,) but to develop the bodies and characters of the students along the lines of good sportsmanship. Let us remember that advice we received in the orientation course: that a sports contest should receive our full attention while it is being played, but that the results should not be allowed to affect us to any great extent.

Word has been going around that there is to be a Ping - Pong tournament conducted this spring. The contest is sponsored by the Student Council, we believe. A committee has been appointed to arrange the details. We hope that this tournament will be followed by one in tennis later in the year.

That the boys are entering into the new sports program with enthusiasm is revealed by the early morning trips which some of the fellows have been taking to Merrymount to get in practice for track. There has also been considerable baseball activity.

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Andree, Lockhart

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McGrew, Brown

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Allow us to present the boys (all freshmen, and are we proud of them!) whom the young men of the two athletic clubs have chosen to captain their teams.

First meet Carl McGrew, the smiling gentleman from Ohio, who will lead the Munro trackmen. Carl's favorite sport in high school was football, but he took part in track and specialized in the one mile event. Although Carl has been at E. N. C. only since the beginning of the second semester he took part in several of the basketball games here. When asked what his outlook was for the spring athletic program, he said, "I can see nothing ahead but success for the Munro Society."

Now we present Preston Lockhart, also from Ohio, the Oxford baseball captain. Lockhart pitched on the Atwater High School baseball team, meanwhile taking part

in basketball and track. Besides his school sports he starred as a south-paw on a home town ball team. At E. N. C. he played on the Freshman basketball team. Preston expresses his opinion of the new athletic policy in terms of his favorite sport: " A long hit (not a fly !) has been scored at E. N. C. in the recently adopted sports program."

James Brown, captain of the Munro baseball team comes from Florida, where in high school Jim played in the backfield in his favorite sport, football, and entered track events. He has also played baseball in both high school and twilight leagues, His basketball experience at E. N. C. includes several seasons. Jim's approval of the new activities is hearty." Forming the teams according to societies will supply a portion of the school spirit and enthusiasm which many of us have felt has been lacking."

The fourth freshman who has been elected captain is John Andree of the Oxford track squad. John's favorite sport is baseball and his experience on the diamond includes seasons in both junior league and twilight ball back home in Pennsylvania. A year ago Andree played on a town basketball team and when he came to E. N. C. he quickly found his place as Freshman center. John says, " A sports program carried on in the true spirit of Christianity is our aim."

Champions

The interclass championship has been settled. By a final victory over the Juniors-Academy, the Freshman team ended all hopes which either upperclassman group might have had for the pennant. This game closed a very satisfactory season for the Freshmen, who overcame their opponents in every game but one, usually with an ample margin.

In the first league game of the season, the Green and White increased their scant 13-12 lead over the Juniors- Academy at the half to a final score of 37-30, much to the chagrin of the upperclassmen generally.

The next game, which was with the Senior-Sophomore aggregation, started with a number of Freshman second string men on the court. The first squad was sent in early in the game, however, and accumulated 21 points to the upperclassmen's 18 at the half. The game ended 34-30 in favor of the Freshmen.

The first and only Freshman defeat occurred in their second game with the Junior-Academy team. In the first quarter the Green and White ran up 13 points against 2 for their opponents. However in the next two periods came the turn of the upperclassmen and at the end of the third quarter the score stood 20-20. The Freshmen could not regain their lead and the game went to the Juniors-Academy, 31-26.

When the Freshmen again appeared on the gym floor it was with a determination to make up the ground lost to the Juniors. On January 20, the Freshman team met the Seniors-Sophs and once more defeated them, this time to the tune of 40-24. While Captain Smith was as usual the high scorer of the game, making 17 points, the two guards, Benson and Andree, made the fine scores of 10 and 9 respectively. The Green and White played steadily, scoring 11-10-10-9 in the respective quarters.

On February 10, the Freshmen and Seniors-Sophs once more faced each other. The Class of '36 accumulated 45 points to their opponents' 16. At no time was the game very exiting but it aided the individual Freshman players to raise their personal scoring records.

At the close of the last game with the Seniors, the Freshman stood in the lead, but there was still a possibility of a tie in the championship race. The Junior-Academy team could, by defeating both the Freshmen and Seniors, bring their average up to that of the Green and White. It was with the greatest interest and hope that the Freshmen and Juniors looked forward to their tilt on February 24, and each team took the floor confidently that evening. The game was rather evenly balanced throughout the first three quarters, with the Juniors having a slight advantage, but the Freshmen by good team work and shooting won the game 26-19, climaxing this year's achievements of the boys of '36 on the basketball floor.

Those Who Fought For The Green and White



Left to right: Benson, Johnston, Andree,
Smith, McGrew, Brown, Lockhart

Captain Smith, high score man: "Smitty" is janitor of the Canterbury and Gym. He is a veteran player, having starred on Academy teams in previous years. Sometimes his cry of "de'-fense" was heard in the games, but when danger was passed he was the man to make the goals.

Preston Lockhart, our campus man: "Pres" brought to E. N. C. a wealth of information gained from coaching which he received in high school. When he and Smith started passing the ball down the floor it was doubtful which player would make the basket but a goal was certain.

John Andree, who besides jumping a fine center sweeps out the Cardboard - once in a while ! Andree played with effect in every Freshman game and completed

the greatest number of free tries of any player in the league.

Ray Benson. Ray comes from down South where they play basketball in outdoor courts, but he adapted himself well to indoor playing. His special talent seemed to lie in intercepting passes and in playing the middle of the floor.

Jim Brown, who holds down the bass end of the Ambassador quartet: another gentleman from Sunny Florida. Like Captain Smith, he has played on Academy teams at E. N. C. As stationary guard, Jim firmly held his part of the Freshman defense. His position on the team did not permit him to run up a great number of points, but his playing was nevertheless valuable to the team.

Jim Johnston, gentleman of leisure: Jim usually played as a substitute but saw service in five of the six games of the season.

Carl McGrew. Carl came at the beginning of the second semester but did creditable work in two Freshman victories.

Lewis Payne and Duane Springer also played substitute positions in one game each.

FRESHMAN FACTS

League standing - - first place
Percentage- - - - - .833
Points - 208 (opponents - 150)
Field goals - - - - - 94
Free shots - - - - - 20

INDIVIDUAL STANDINGS

	Goals	Foul shots	Points
Smith	40	6	86
Andree	21	7	49
R. Benson	16	5	37
Lockhart	14	1	29
McGrew	2	0	4
Brown	1	0	2
Johnston	0	1	1



Back row, l. to r.; Simpson, Mann,

Capt. Bynon, Horne.

Front row: Burchfield, Morse, Peavey .

The Freshman Girls' Basketball Team has played four games this year and stands at the head of the girls' league with a percentage of .750 . It is doubtful whether the remaining games of the season will be played.

The girls began the season by defeating the Sophomore - Academy team 17 - 12. The Freshmen held the other team to no score in the first half. Their next opponent was the Junior team, which they defeated 20 - 12, a score which was interesting in that it was directly proportional to the score of the game between the boys of the Freshman and Junior - Sophomore classes, 40 - 24. The only defeat of the Freshmen occurred in their second game with the Sophomore - Academy team, which won 19 - 16. However, the Freshmen came back

in the last game, that with the Juniors, with an
18 - 12 victory.

Throughout the season girls' rules were observed,
a fact which makes comparison of individual scoring
unsatisfactory, since only the forwards can shoot for
field goals. However, we can say that every girl played
good basketball, and the group is to be congratulated
on their faithfulness in practicing. We are proud of
the way in which the Freshman girls joined with the
boys' team in making the past season one of victory
for the Class of '36.

Elmer Kington

COLLEGE



LIFE

Oral Compositions

At the beginning of the second semester, Professor Spangenberg mentioned the fact that oral composition was in the syllabus for this term. A few weeks later the first assignments were made and college rhetoric assumed a more interesting aspect as each student explained some subject with which he was more or less familiar.

One of the first talks made sports a favorite subject. Lester Smith appeared in rhetoric class one morning with gloves, ball, bat, and a piece of cardboard which he claimed represented the home plate in baseball. The shape of the last piece of paraphernalia gave rise to arguments which came to involve encyclopedias and which have scarcely now been dropped. Diagrams were drawn on the blackboard and the Great American Game portrayed to the class. John Andree followed Mr. Smith with some anecdotes of the game in one of which he made a mistake in detail that formed one of the tallest baseball stories we have ever heard.

Illustrated lectures became popular. Charts of courts for various games, of mechanical devices, and of musical notation appeared on the board. Dick Reynolds appealed to the ear rather than to the eye with an exposition of the bass horn, which was concluded with a

solo, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep".

Abstract topics, such as technocracy, were discussed, while various processes, including the making and the selling of maple syrup and the manufacture of tires, were described. However, the climax in the description of processes was reached in an exposition of the art of making fudge. Doris Horst assembled the ingredients, utensils, and an electric hot plate in room 22 with the assistance of Carl McGrew that we might watch the mystic ritual and smell the delicious odors which accompany it. At the end of the period we were informed that the finished product would be awaiting our consumption in one hour. Meanwhile our appetite had been appeased by the salted peanuts which were passed to all of us after a talk by Genevieve Mann on the cultivation of the peanut plant.

We challenge any rhetoric class in any college to produce proof of activity as interesting as our oral composition.

We were glad to welcome into our midst this semester four new freshmen. They are: Elaine Paul from South Eliot, Maine; Leonard Johnson from Donora, Pennsylvania; Carl McGrew from Urichsville, Ohio; and Dick Reynolds from Toronto, Ohio. It is hard for us to realize that this is their first semester here, for we soon felt that they were a "part of us".

The Freshman Party

The thirteenth day of January is a date that will long be remembered by the freshmen because of the enjoyable evening they spent at Professor Mann's home. The first game was very appropriate for it helped to "break the ice" and to make the new students feel at home. In this game everyone had to find out what animal's name was pinned on his back by asking each other questions which could be answered by a "yes" or "no". Many other interesting games were played including the following: barber shop, whom do you love?, murder, and the musical wedding. Sandwiches, cookies, and punch were served. The punch was served in anything from a sugar bowl to a tin dish. These containers were well wrapped and each freshman had to take one in grab-bag style. After the singing of "Good Night, Ladies", a tired but happy group of freshmen wended their way back to school.

Popularity Contest

Most popular girl	Edith Peavey
Most popular boy	John Andree
Best all-round athlete girl	Mary Morse
Best all-round athlete boy	Lester Smith
Smartest in studies girl	Grace Barnett
Smartest in studies boy	Donald Tillotson
Best singer	James Brown
Friendliest girl	Doris Stackhouse
Friendliest boy	James Johnston
Most witty	Lester Smith
Sleepiest	James Johnston
Most studious	Beverly Gordon
Always homesick	Ray Benson
Favorite professor	Professor Spangenberg
Favorite subject	College Rhetoric
Happy-go-lucky	James Johnston
Most preacher-like	John Wheeler
Ladies' man	James Brown
Man's woman	Doris Stackhouse
Always late	Howard Fields
Best arguer	Ray Benson
Best dressed girl	Edith Peavey
Best dressed boy	Howard Fields

Prettiest hair	James Brown
Most conscientious	Ruth Moore
Prettiest eyes	Doris Stackhouse
Best musician	Olive Bynon
Most versatile	Olive Bynon
Biggest tease	Lester Smith

Freshman Prayermeetings

We, the members of the Freshman class, have been experiencing the fact that "prayer is the key to the day and the lock of the night". Our gathering together on Monday evenings has been a source of deep spiritual inspiration. It has been encouraging to see the attendance increase especially during these periods of rush and weariness of the flesh. The Lord has kept his promise. He has "renewed our strength". We are looking forward to a greater spiritual awakening on the campus of E.N.C. May the entire group of students join us Freshmen as we pray and believe and work with the Master. God is going to bless us. Praise His Name.

J.W.

"Some church members on Sunday morning sing, 'I am satisfied with Jesus here'---in bed."

"If God intended that we should talk more than we hear, he would have given us two mouths and one ear."

"It so happens that none of the men who would make perfect husbands are married."

"Where ignorance is bliss it seems foolish to undergo an intelligence test."

"Two commandments are sufficient for a Christian but a sinner requires no less than ten."

"Too many men conduct their lives on the cafeteria plan-self-service only."

"Some men who water their milk every day cannot understand why the prayer meeting seems so thin."

"Devotion to duty is a fire that warms us but worldly ambition is a fire that consumes us."

"How we do admire the wisdom of those who come to us for advice!"

"Many put zero into the collection and then complain that the church is cold."

"The lightning bug is brilliant, but it hasn't any mind; It wanders thru creation with its headlight on behind."

"We were created a little lower than the angels, but sin has made us little better than devils."

Can You Imagine:

Prof Spannerberg giving a short rhetoric assignment

James Johnston making an A

Grace Barnett looking ruffled

Leonard Johnson getting stuck in the swamp behind the
gym

Olive Byron not worrying

James Bender running 100 yards fast

Beatrice Cork triple-tonguing a bass horn

Preston Lochhart not talking to himself

Doris Horst as a flapper

John Wheeler not philosophizing

Gwendolyn Mann with short hair

Lewis Payne getting up to go to breakfast

Thelma Case not signaling

Howard Tiell working a chemistry experiment without an
explosion

Edith Peavey keeping still for ten minutes.

Carl McGrue not talking about the farm

Mary Morse sick on a Friday night

Dick Reynolds growing a mustache

Marion Gallup showing enthusiasm

Ray Benson being a Mann

Ruth Moore without her lessons done

Beverly Gordon stepping out on Friday night

Can You Imagine

Mabel Turney on time for rhetoric class

James Brown as a recruit vender

Genevieve Mann in a bad humor

Lester Smith being dignified

Doris Stackhouse having her oral report for rhetoric

John Andree being a chaperone

Donald Tillotson not busy with the Green Book

Whatever trouble Adam had,

No man in days of yore

Could say when he had told a joke

"I've heard that one before."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to a cor has said

When past the limit he has sreed

"Gee, why donchu pinch that guy ahead?"

He tried to cross the railroad track

Before a rushing train;

They put the pieces in a sack,

But couldn't find the brain.

Cain could never sit down in a chair because he
wasn't Abel.

An old gentleman was crossing a busy corner when a huge police dog dashed into him and bowled him over. The next instant an Austin skidded around the corner--bumped him--and inflicted more injuries. By standers assisted him to his feet and someone asked if the dog had hurt him. "Not exactly" the old gent replied, " It was the tin can tied to his tail that did the damage."

Flapper: I'd like to see the captain of the ship.

Rookie: He's forward miss.

Flapper : I don't care, this is a pleasure trip.

Football Fan: How about your team - are they good losers?

Coach: (after a terrible season) Good? Heck, theyre perfect!

Rev. Good: (at baptism) His name, please?

Mother: Algernon Phillip Percival Reginald Mortimer Duckworth.

Rev. (to his assistant): Alittle more water, please.

Chem. Prof: What is the most outstanding contribution that chemistry has given to the world.

Brown: Blondes.

John Mc Cloy: (sighing) Well, since you don't want to marry me, perhaps you will return the ring.

Edith P. (snapping): If you must know, your jeweler has already called for it.

J. Andre: What's the difference between vision and sight.

L. Smith: That's a girl's a vision--your's is a sight.

J. Brown (to Kathryn): beautiful!

Kathryn: What?

Brown: Can't you take?

Prof. Williams: (extra class): All ready class? Let's
play the third

Helen S: Oh, don't be angry. You're leaving me entirely
without reason

Leonard J: I always leave things as I find them.

Prof. Mann: "Well, you are, to be sure! Can't
multiply eight by twenty-five! I'll wager that
Donald can do so in no time."

L. Payne: "I'm surprised. They say that fools
multiply very rapidly."

A freshman hesitates at the word "connoisseur."

Prof. Span: "What do you call a man that pretends to know
everything?"

Grace B: "A professor."

No bird is actually flying. Wings are on the bird.

